

## CHARIVARIA.

GERMANY has been visited with floods of such magnitude that many inhabitants of that country began to fear that their Emperor had made yet another mistake, and that their future was not on the water but in it.

"King Edward has been forging a chain of friendships," says a contemporary: "the Kaiser was the missing link." While deprecating such language we can only suppose that the writer penned these words after seeing *The Daily Mail's* muzzotint entitled "The Kaiser's Happy Smile."

Times certainly do change. As a witty Frenchman omitted to remark, the *mot d'ordre* in his country was once "*Embarassez les Anglais*": now it is "*Embrassez les Anglais*"—and in Germany it was formerly "*Reprochez les Anglais*": to-day it is "*Rapprochez les Anglais*".

Referring to the Navy, the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE informs us that, so far as Liberals are concerned, they will never concur in the inclusion of the United States as one of the two hypothetical Powers against whom we ought to build. This, as we have hinted at before, would be all right if the fact that the Americans love us were as well known in America as it is here.

Meanwhile it is said that many Liberals are now of the opinion that the Sea Lords ought to be abolished. *L'appétit vient en mangeant.*

At the opening of the National Convention in Dublin last week, Mr. JOHN REDMOND pointed out that Ireland's capacity for self-government would be judged by the conduct of that assembly. This statement was followed by a really capital *mèlée* owing to Mr. CREAN, M.P., attempting to punch the chairman's head.

The Southend Town Council has

decided that the Summer season this year shall consist of eighteen weeks, as compared with sixteen last year. The idea, we take it, is that Summer is sometimes so late that it is ashamed of putting in an appearance at all.

"The White City," it is said, will be found to be white no longer when the next exhibition opens. For some time past there have been rumours of scandals.

There is surely an ugly misprint in the following reference to a certain classical dancer:—"It is said that numbers of society ladies feel strongly

No fewer than 3,500 dogs took part in Cruft's Dog Show last week. A suggestion from a dear old lady that these should march in procession, two abreast, through the heart of London, reaches us too late to be acted upon this year.

By the way, the Right Hon. LEWIS HARROUD showed some Golden Retrievers. "If only they were Gold Retrievers!" his colleague, MR. LLOYD-GEORGE, is said to have sighed.

It is again rumoured that the crinoline is coming back. If so, with a little ingenuity the discarded Merry Widow hats might be converted into new skirts.

The Union Society of Cambridge has passed the following motion by a majority of 92:—"That this house would strongly approve of the immediate granting of the B.A. degree to women in this University." In our opinion they ought to be required to pass the necessary examination first.

Meanwhile the Suffragettes have scored another victory. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL has informed a deputation of commercial men that in his opinion both sexes should be made amenable to re

straint under the bankruptcy laws.

The session of the Austrian Parliament closed amid scenes of wild excitement, the Czech deputies bringing into the House several pairs of cymbals, trumpets, drums, signal whistles and rattles. Indeed any stranger who had happened to look in would have imagined, we are told, that he was assisting at the latest opera of DR. RICHARD STRAUSS.

"It is surely a strange coincidence that within a few months of the MILTON tercentenary celebration this country should to-day be commemorating the centenary of DARWIN."

*The Morning Post.*

How dare a poet and a scientist be born within two hundred years of each other?



*Alchemist (to herb-dealer).* "METHINKS THOU ART OVERCHARGING ME FOR THE LIVER-WORT ROOT."  
*Herb-dealer.* "NAY, GOOD SIR, BUT REMEMBER THAT I HAD TO GATHER IT ON ST. STEPHEN'S NIGHT IN THE DARK OF THE MOON, WITH MY RIGHT FOOT ON A TOAD AND MY LEFT IN A RUNNING STREAM, WITH THREE VIPERS IN MY RIGHT HAND, KEEPING MY EYES SHUT, AND REPEATING THE PATERNOSTER BACKWARDS, WITH MY FACE TO THE NORTH AND MY BACK TO THE EAST."

tempted to follow her example and appear in the streets in flowing Grecian robes, with scandals on their feet."

MESSRS. NELSON have just published a volume of Essays by MR. AUGUSTINE BURRELL, with a statement to the effect that the selection has been approved by the author and may be taken as an anthology of his work. It is significant that there is no reference in the volume to MR. BURRELL'S Essay in Irish Government.

The Society for the Destruction of Vermin is preparing a Bill under the provisions of which Public Rat-catchers may be appointed. As a correspondent points out, in every German town there is a municipal Rathaus.

## A BUDGET LETTER.

DEAR LLOYD-GEORGE,—You will be glad to hear that I have just sent along my little contribution to your fund. Don't fritter it away in *Dreadnoughts*—spend it wisely and cautiously; you might buy one Old Age Pension with it and still have a trifle over for the Territorials. I won't tell you exactly what you would have over because you might find that I had paid too much, which would break my heart; or that I hadn't paid enough, which would break me altogether. All I say is, Be careful. Don't be led away into riotous extravagance, and don't think, because I have done this for you, that Lord ROTHSCHILD and Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE are going to do as much.

Now, my dear LLOYD-GEORGE (excuse the familiarity, but I expect to owe you more next year than I shall ever be able to repay), I hear that you have got to raise another twenty millions, and that you don't quite know how to do it. Of course twenty millions seems a small sum to me, but I can understand that to you it's something of a problem. I wonder if I can give you a few helpful suggestions. Anyhow, they are meant kindly.

I saw in the papers the other day an article on "Simplified Spelling"—a delightful subject. In the new era, you know, instead of spelling a word like "desiccated" with two "sics" we shall spell it somehow else—I don't know how for the moment, but at least it will be much easier. Well, this method is going to save time and raw material; time because you won't have to stop and think, and raw material because most of the words will be shorter and won't want so much paper. An eminent statistician calculated in this article that if it is adopted all over England (by which I take him to include Scotland and Ireland), there will be a saving in the year of time and material equal to—what do you think?—twenty million pounds!

Now, my dear old soul, what more do you want? There's your money. Make the simplified spelling compulsory, and you rake in the twenty million. Where you rake it in from I don't quite know. Under the new law I should have begun this letter "Dere LORD-JORGE," but I am sadly afraid that I should have squandered the extra time in sleep and used the extra paper to light my pipe. But then I can never understand these economic statisticians. I read a little time ago that in the last fog London lost seven million pounds; well, I know, speaking for myself alone, that I lost thirteen-and-sixpence and a tie-pin, and they would have pinched my watch as well, only I had left it at home; but the

statistician didn't make any reference to that at all. No, he said that one shop in Regent Street had lost a thousand pounds because the fog had prevented Lady Rosenstein from going out and buying a tiara; and another had lost a penny because you and I hadn't bought our *Westminster*. He almost seemed to forget that you and I had kept our coppers, and were going to spend them the next day.

And so, perhaps, there may not be so much in the simplified spelling scheme. Let's try another.

The Government, it is my firm opinion, gives too much away. It has been giving licences away up till now, and if it is really going to sell them next year it will have begun none too soon. But think what a lot it might do in this direction. Take anything—take margarine. I have never (intentionally) dallied much with margarine, but I believe it has to be inspected and stamped and so on by the Government. But suppose that, instead of being merely passed as bearable, it were actively recommended. Suppose it were stamped, "As spread by Mr. LULU HARCOURT, who finds it tasty," or, "Lord ALTHORPE loves it"? How gladly would tradesmen pay to have their wares so registered.

I hope I'm helping you. Now I'm going to weigh in with another suggestion. What is it which is inflicted upon us several times every day and which none of us ever wanted once? (Even if you answer this correctly there is no free scholarship). *Leading articles*. Put a tax on leaders and you will benefit humanity. Really the tax would only need to go on certain words—*Scope*, *Drastic* and *Inalienable*, and the idea could then be extended so as to reach novelists and others. A slight duty on *Authentic* would bring in a million or so from Mr. E. F. BENSON; one on *Athwart* another million from Mr. WELLS. I take the following extract from a report of one of MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN'S recent speeches:—"It was a Government of terminological inexactitudes. (*Laughter*.)" A man who can say a thing like that, just three years late, and an audience which can laugh at it, should be heavily fined. Duty would have to be paid on all such outworn phrases.

A tax on beards has been suggested many times; the only point of debate is the amount of such a tax. I have just worked it out for you as follows:

The average man (this doesn't mean you or me) works 1,500 hours a year. If he has to shave every day he works another two hours a week—say 100 hours a year. The bearded man has that extra 100 hours for financially, as opposed to aesthetically, remunerative work, and therefore makes one-fifteenth

more money per annum. Hence if one-sixteenth of this increased income were extracted from him he would be brought down to the level of the clean-shaven man. In other words, *beards should be taxed one-and-threepence in the pound*. I hope that is clear and helpful.

I have some more ideas for you, but perhaps the time is hardly ripe for them; they are a little too revolutionary. One was that members of both Houses should pay £600 a year for the privilege of making laws. The Commons might get the money from their constituencies whose views they represent; the Lords, representing nobody, would of course have to find the money themselves. Another suggestion was that married men should be taxed. A third—that double-barrelled names should pay duty—will be more kindly made, my dear GEORGE, to your successor.

But by now you have nearly all the money you want. Calculating it roughly, indeed, I find that I have suggested to you the means for finding £19,999,999 19s. 11d. My last idea is that there should be a tax, *pro rata*, on all futile suggestions made to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. I enclose a penny stamp, and remain,

Your humble benefactor,

A. A. M.

## SOCIETY SNIPPETS.

(By our very discreet Chronicler.)

[There has been a great increase in the taste for sweet things in every rank. I hesitate to mention the gilded spot in which I have heard of bread and jam at tea.—*Manchester Guardian*.]

A BLOATER for Sunday breakfast is becoming a regular feature in certain exalted houses. Hashed mutton and rice is also rapidly currying favour with the best people.

Simplicity in food is now the fashion. Sheep's hearts are slowly but surely finding their way into those of Society. I will name no names, but only yesterday I happened to hear the Duchess of B— say, "Sheep's hearts are more than coronets, and simple steaks than Norman blood."

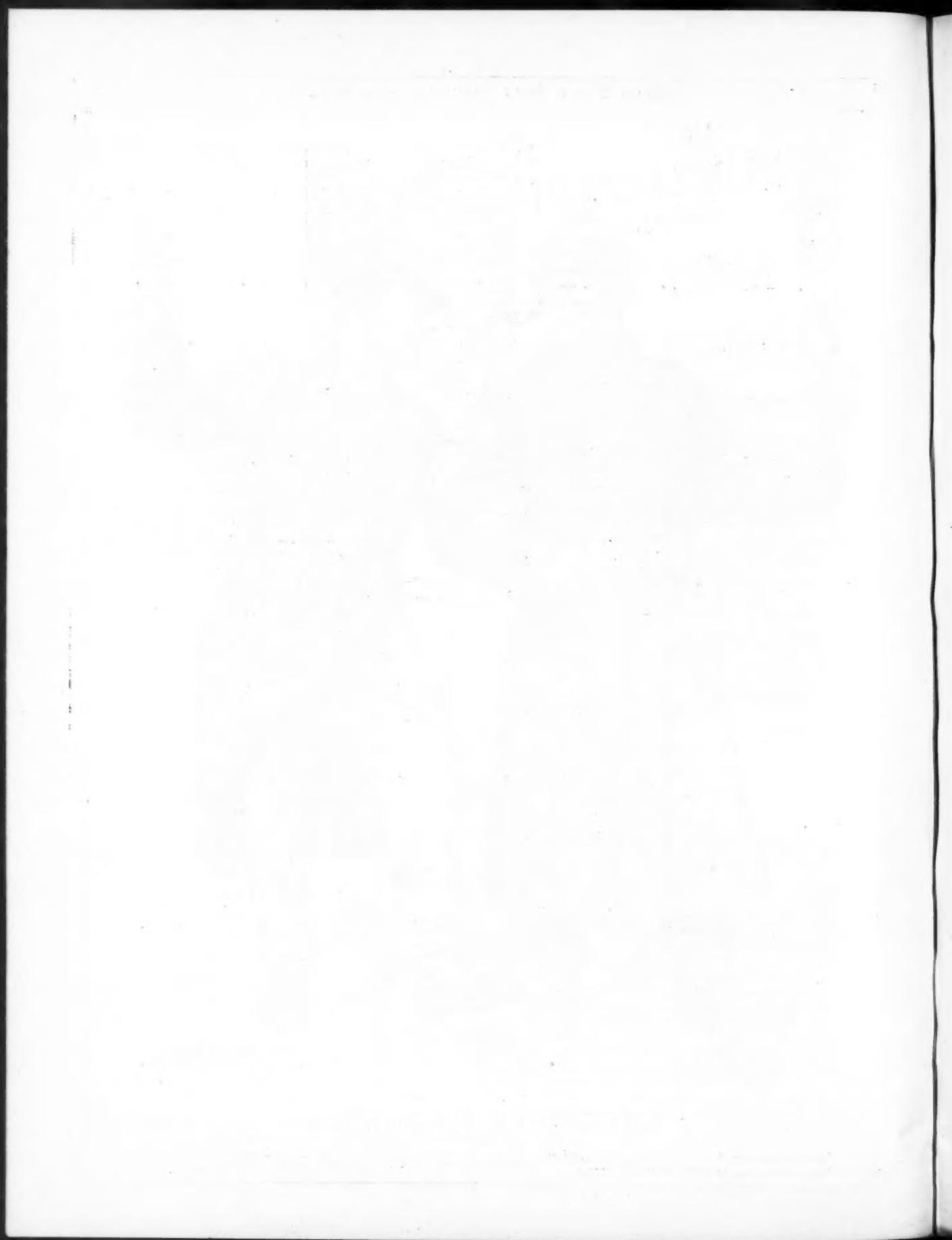
Tripe is not generally associated with the wearers of purple and fine linen, but a little bird tells me that a well-known nobleman was heard to order this savoury dish at the Ritz one day last week. The small bird very wisely withheld from me the nobleman's name and address.

A ducal mansion is not exactly the place one would expect to find "sausage and mashed" figuring on the menu; nevertheless this toothsome if somewhat homely dish was the *pièce de résistance* at a dinner given last night by the Duke of — Well, never mind.



“WHEN THEY DO AGREE—”

GERMAN SOLDIER } (together). “MOROCCO! WHAT'S MOROCCO? COME AND HAVE A DRINK!”  
FRENCH SOLDIER }





*Customer (paying the weekly books). "DEAR, DEAR! I WONDER WHO THOSE PEOPLE ARE IN THE MOTOR, MR. SWEETING?"  
Butcher. "OH, THEM THAT THE RED HOUSE IS 'LET TO; OF NO FAMILY WOTEVER; MAUVAY REESH, AS THE FRENCH SAY."*

#### CHELTENHAM WATER.

[Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER has written to *The Times* to apologise to Cheltenham for having reflected on its water-supply, in his recent book, *Mr. Apollo*. He was thinking, he says, of another town.]

So this is the man who tried to dam  
The water-supply of Cheltenham!  
You may take, if you like, your cursive pen,  
And add to the rhyme a final *n*:  
That is if you think it'll pay to follow  
The reckless model of *Mr. Apollo*,  
A fancy of HUEFFER's—he went and spun it,  
And now he wishes he hadn't done it.  
For the Cheltenham folk they upped and said,  
"He's crabbed our water; we'll have his head.  
Our water's the purest ever seen;  
In fact it's a regular *Hippocrate*,  
A glassier *Fons Bandusiae*,  
With a Cheltenham touch that makes it be  
The best you can find from sea to sea."  
So they went for HUEFFER and made him acknowledge he  
Owed them a downright handsome apology,  
Which I summarise, changing his prose to rhymes,  
From the letter he sent to *Thursday's Times*.  
For the words that he then and there wrote down  
Declared he referred to a different town,  
Not theirs, with its well-known pure supply,  
And he said he was sorry—so am I—  
But he didn't (which left me but half content)  
Say which was the town he really meant.

#### THE PHILOSOPHIC FIGHTER.

[According to *The Daily Mail*, JACK JOHNSON, the coloured pugilist, has been very unpopular in New South Wales since he defeated BURNS for the World's Championship. He has explained, however, to an interviewer that when distressed by adverse criticism he has found much consolation in the works of SHAKSPEARE, BUNYAN and MILTON.]

O rare JACK JOHNSON! mightiest with the fist!  
You're not, I think, unused to nasty knocks, sir;  
But were you really hooted at and hissed,  
My chocolate boxer?

Hissed from the gallery-bench and from the stall!  
Though "upper cuts" you're frequently allotted,  
That was "the most unkindest cut of all"  
(SHAKSPEARE . . . you spotted?).

Still, you've a brain of philosophic turns:  
Firm is the soil your peace of mind is built on;  
And, when you feel you've done enough to BURNS,  
You take on MILTON;

When, too, because its favourite got whacked,  
You're slated by the Press—that Yellow Ogress—  
"Tis sweet to think your temper's kept intact  
By Pilgrim's Progress.

But oh! there's one thing would be sweeter still—  
The dash of yeast to leaven all the suet—  
If only MILTON, BUNYAN, ay, and WILL  
Could know you do it!

**COALS OF FIRE ALL ROUND.**

BEING ANOTHER OF LIFE'S LITTLE Duplicities.

I.

*Sir Dashwood Holmby, K.C.M.G., to Hugo Leigh, of the Treasury.*

January 3.

DEAR OLD MAN,—There is to be a dinner to Bankes on the 26th, at the Belvoir Hotel. I hope you can be there. He is a silly ass, of course, and personally I bar him a good deal, but one can't very well stay away without its looking like an intentional slight; and as a matter of fact I am getting the wretched thing up. You will come, won't you? It will be a good dinner anyway.

D. H.

P.S.—Dunsmore will make the speech of the evening.

II.

*Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.*

January 5.

MY DEAR DASH,—If you can guarantee the dinner I will come, but I don't much care for the Belvoir cooking. The flavour is abstracted somewhere *en route*, and they know nothing about the temperature of claret. As for old Bankes, I not only dislike him, but I distrust him, which is worse. He is a tuft-hunter and a minx. However, the Department must hold together, I suppose, and since he's leaving us we may as well be decent. I am glad you got Dunsmore. He is always fluent and amusing, and amiability and lying come easy to him.

Yours, H. L.

III.

*Sir Dashwood Holmby to Hugo Leigh.*  
(*Telegram.*)

January 26.

Lady Dunsmore suddenly ill, so Dunsmore absent to-night. Am in bed— influenza. Count on you make speech—absolutely no one else.

HOLMBY.

IV.

*Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.*  
(*Telegram.*)

January 26.

Lowest trick on record, but rest easy in your malingering. I will do it. Some day you shall repay.

LEIGH.

V.

*Hilary Banks, C.B., of the Treasury to his father, General Banks, The Lindens, Great Malvern.*

(Extract.)

January 27.

Lord Dunsmore was to have proposed my health, but owing to the sudden illness of Lady Dunsmore (a very charming woman) he was prevented from

attending at all. Another Treasury man, Hugo Leigh, whom you have no doubt heard of, an authority on netsukes and one of our best tennis players, took his place. I had always thought that Leigh disliked me, but one can make strange mistakes in that way. His remarks were charming. He touched on every side of my career, the literary as well as the administrative, and even quoted a stanza from my "Pearl Fishers."

VI.

*Hilary Banks to Sir Dashwood Holmby.*

January 26.

MY DEAR HOLMBY,—I cannot go to bed after this, to me, most memorable night without thanking you for all you have done, and expressing the sympathy that Mrs. Bankes and I have for you in your illness, and also saying how very felicitous and flattering were Leigh's remarks on my poor character and career. I had no notion that he felt so warmly towards me.

Again thanking you and wishing you a speedy recovery,

I am, very sincerely yours,  
HILARY BANKES.

VII.

*Hilary Banks to Mr. Hugo Leigh.*

January 27.

MY DEAR LEIGH,—The kindness of your speech quite overcame me, and I fear I did not succeed in the least in conveying my real feelings to you last evening. Pray accept my deep gratitude. It will give Mrs. Bankes and myself great pleasure if you will dine with us on the 30th at eight o'clock. There will be only two or three picked guests besides yourself.

Yours very sincerely,  
HILARY BANKES.

VIII.

*Hugo Leigh to Hilary Banks.*

January 27.

DEAR BANKES,—I am sorry to say that I am engaged on that evening. I am glad my remarks gave you pleasure.

Yours sincerely,  
HUGO LEIGH.

IX.

*Hilary Banks to Hugo Leigh.*

January 28.

MY DEAR LEIGH,—Mrs. Banks and I are extremely sorry that you are engaged on the 30th. She is so very anxious to meet you that I am emboldened to name two other dates, February the 5th and the 8th, on one of which we are hoping you will be free. On either night you will find some very nice people here, carefully chosen, to meet you.

Yours very sincerely,  
HILARY BANKES.

X.

*Hugo Leigh to Sir Dashwood Holmby.*  
January 30.

MY DEAR DASH,—You have done for me for ever. After trying for years to lead a clean life and say what I mean, I am now a public liar, all through your trickery and machinations; and what is worse, I have Bankes as firmly fixed on my back as Sinbad's Old Man of the Sea. I am become his dearest friend. Every post brings me a letter inviting me to dinner, and—meanest trick of all—mentioning more than one date, so that I shall have to go at last. There will be a dedication to me in a few days for certain. All his grandchildren, if he has any, are to be named Hugo. Why, oh why, can't we tell the truth?

Your miserable enemy,  
H. L.

P.S.—I hope you are worse.

**RAMBLING.**

ALFRED pronounced himself entranced with the project. It was, of course, not a project at all, but a disease, and Alfred had sickened for it.

I remarked that walking (old style) had always an especial charm for me, but Alfred said at once that this was not walking, but Rambling. I believe that my walking was Rambling—just that, and that Alfred's Rambling was mere walking—a dull business—but it was not one of the times when he listens. He bent the binding of the book back and placed it before me.

The requirements for correct Rambling (not walking) were quite moderate and were clearly set down. The Rambler was recommended to provide himself with a pair of stout boots; a half-a-crown; the Historical Companion to the Series, cloth, One Shilling; and the Special Map, paper, One Shilling.

"Only sixpence left," I remarked, trying to put a cheerful face on things; but Alfred reproved me. We might almost have been surveyors, so serious was his attitude to the project.

However, despite my misgivings, it was with a light heart that I eventually walked out of the station with my friend into the early promise of a wintry morning. The book that had bulged his pocket was produced, and we agreed it would perhaps facilitate matters if we tore out the leaf containing the Explanation of the Map, and kept it handy for reference. I set myself to master it.

— denoted a main road; — a bridle path or lane; ..... a foot-path, and so on. The Map was not very well printed, I thought (at a shilling), and the difference between ..... and --- seemed sometimes infinitesimal; but in case of need a foot-note told how use

could ingeniously be made of the hands of one's watch adjusted according to the position of the sun. This was Rambling.

But Ramble No. Seven was our concern, and first we had to follow the road, climb a stile upon the left, and pursue the path for a quarter of a mile. Alfred went first, holding the Guide in one hand and the fluttering Map in the other, and I followed, firmly grasping (in my hand only, not in my mind's eye) the Explanation and the Historical Companion. We kept to the winding ribbon of path, not daring to look unto the right or left for fear we should miss the spot where a little twiddle, like a worm trying to look over its shoulder, marked (on the Map, not on the path) an alternative way which we had decided to take. We ascertained its position exactly, but saw no sign. I took the Map from Alfred's reluctant hand for a closer inspection, and it was later on that I discovered that we had been deceived by a fragment of tobacco ash, and I had not the heart to tell him.

Luckily at this time a man in a Norfolk suit approached us along the path. In every line of his comfortable figure reposed the quiet content of the country-side, and we asked him with confidence to direct us. He was exceedingly kind, and offered us minute directions.

If we retraced our steps, he told us, we should presently climb a stile and reach the main road and the station. We thanked him, of course, but implored him to direct us in the way from which he had come. Strangely enough he seemed to know nothing of it; he shook his head and refused even for one moment to glance back at it, but ever pointed onward in the road he (and apparently all) must take. He did not see me lightly tap my forehead, but as he passed on we noticed a little book reposing in the hand (the one that wasn't pointing onward) behind his back.

"For Ramble No. Seven (reversed) see p. 35."

So we pressed along the path we were on and at length gained a hill-brow (where a friend tells me there is an entrancing view), and stopped to adjust our course to our Guide. We were to bear to the left into a lane and continue until "two stately elms" were reached. As we entered the "----" we had to step aside for a jolly carter and his team and a creaking load of timber. 'Tis an honest rural sight, and as we stood and watched it in the dancing light our spirits revived and we felt the better for it. Thrusting the Historical Companion into my pocket, I linked my arm in my friend's and we followed the rustic lane. But soon we had to confess ourselves at fault. There



*Waiter (whose attention has been called to a gross error in addition). "VERY SORRY, SIR; BUT EVEN IF YOU HADN'T FOUND OUT THE MISTAKE, THE FIRM WOULD HAVE BENEFITED, NOT ME."*

*Diner. "THEN YOU HAVE NO EXCUSE!"*

were no stately elms to be seen. Upon rising ground it was impossible for even two paltry little trees to be anywhere at hand without our suspecting it. A hardy son of the soil approached whistling, but one shrinks from admitting that one is searching for two gigantic trees.

Alfred knew I was watching him. He frowned a little and read the passage aloud two or three times. Some pert little cloudlets romped by together above us. I thought one of them smiled, and a light broke in upon me.

"Alfred," I said with conviction, "the jolly carter has taken our trees."

For the rest of the day we just walked about in any direction that occurred to us. But that is not Rambling.

#### THE ARTFUL DODGER.

SLACK and half impotent he stood,  
Yet with alert observing eyes;  
The opportunity was good,  
He snatched the guarded prize.

Across the level field he broke  
Light-footed, sound of wind and limb,  
Aghast, the startled crowd awoke,  
And howled at sight of him.

He doubled through the hue and cry  
With feet that swerve but never slip,  
The treasure money could not buy  
Held tight within his grip.

Wild apparitions breathing fast  
With arms outstretched to check his  
flight  
Rushed at him, yet he flickered past  
And spread them left and right.

Then while the crowd their thunder  
roared  
Like crash of breakers on our coasts,  
He also came to ground, and scored  
A try between the posts.

"In seven visits to the table yesterday afternoon Stevenson scored the 749 points to take him to the schedule, his average therefore working out at the minutest fraction below 107 per innings."—*Daily Mail*.

The writer should take a more hopeful view of short division.

## THE WAY TO WEDLOCK.

[“There are probably some thousands of young women in Bristol with certificates of competency as teachers, wives, scholars, and many of them cannot find husbands. From the Clifton Suspension Bridge there casts herself a girl—hundreds of feet into the Avon; emerges alive. She has eighteen offers of marriage. We find Mme. Steinheil, who, on the mere suspicion of having murdered one husband, is receiving offers of marriage every day from young men with a view to the picturesque.” —*Daily Chronicle*.]

DOMESTICATED damsels we,  
Good Mrs. BEETON’s rules  
We’ve studied in the L.C.C.  
Continuation Schools.  
We’ve proofs to show how much we know,  
Then come, young men, to us if  
You want to meet a clever, neat,  
Domesticated housewife.

But what is the point of our cooking a joint, or learning to make a steak tender?  
Why worry our heads with the making of beds or striving to polish a fender?  
It is all thrown away, for the youths of to-day decline to wax keen and ecstatic  
Over gifts such as these; what they want, if you please, is something more melodramatic.  
If you’re hunting a mate, you should try to create some intensely exciting sensation,  
Which will boom through the press till your pictures obsess the wondering thoughts of the nation.  
People don’t seem to mind what’s precisely the kind of the feat that may win notoriety:  
It is excellent if you go over a cliff and vanish awhile from society,  
If your only pretence is a sane common-sense, as a spinster you’re likely to drift on,  
But the suitors arrive thick as bees in a hive if you leap from the bridge down at Clifton;  
And many a maid with the poison has played when the thought irresistibly stirred her  
That the men in a cue would be waiting to woo if she’d only committed a murder.  
Yet perchance, after all, we should pause ere we call these youths all the names we’ve a mind to;  
There is something, perhaps, to be said for the chaps for doing the things they’re inclined to.  
If a man weds a maid who is thoroughly staid and always sane, sober and sensible,  
The monotony serves to get right on his nerves till her virtues appear reprehensible;  
But should she be known, pretty dear, to have shown a penchant for poison, it follows  
The monotony goes when her husband well knows he must watch every mouthful he swallows;  
His life is possessed of a freshness and zest, and his wits will grow brighter and brighter  
When he never can tell if that curious smell is oxalic or spirits of nitre.  
Domesticated damsels we  
Will call ourselves no more;  
We’ve done with pots and pans, we’re free  
Of culinary lore.  
Henceforth our time we’ll spend in crime  
And, if we ‘scape the halter,  
The men will flock about the dock  
To lead us to the altar.

Our Monaco Correspondent sends us the following Summary of Life—a Paradox of Monte Carlo:—*Tout manque, tout passe.*

## A CONVERSATION-MANUAL FOR THE MONKEY-HOUSE.

## Notice to the Public.

HAVING observed certain statements in the Press to the effect that Dr. GARNER, of Chicago University, is now engaged in compiling a Vocabulary of the Simian language as spoken by the Larger Apes, *Mr. Punch* feels it only due to himself to inform his readers that he has long been labouring in the same field as the learned American Professor, and that his “Complete Handbook of Colloquial Phrases Current in Polite Monkey Society” is already in the hands of the Printers.

This important work—revised and corrected by no less an authority than the Principal Baboon of the Royal Zoological College at Regent’s Park—will enable visitors to the Monkey-House to converse fluently with the residents in their own tongue, and thereby get into closer touch with them than has hitherto been practicable.

It is perhaps unnecessary to dwell upon the advantages of promoting a better understanding between two races which have so much in common, and the two specimen dialogues which follow will serve to illustrate the general scheme of the manual.

Intending students will soon discover that Monkeyish is not so difficult as it looks, provided they are careful to follow the phonetic pronunciation as indicated in the text.

## I.—TO PAY A VISIT TO A MANDRIL.

*Visitor.* How are you, my dear friend? I trust I find you in good health?

[Tséhirô, ’Owg-ösítol-Kókki? (or if intimate) ’Owáry-méol-dhâniú-úrsiti-tchum?]

*Mandril.* Thank you, I am fairly well, and delighted to see you.

[Ubibi-löd!]

*Vis.* I really must compliment you on the brilliancy of your complexion. Your nose is such a charming colour-scheme in vermillion and ultramarine!

[Ai-sch. Hiu-av-gottarummí-reddn-blühkonk-öhl-tschappi!]

*Mand.* And you, too, my dear Sir, are looking remarkably well, I am glad to see.

[Hya-göhmn-lükhatya-gelâhs.]

*Vis.* Pray do not let me interrupt you if you are busy just now.

[Döhñ-min-dmè. Hiukip-onskrat-chinölfla.]

*Mand.* I was just engaged in some rather intricate researches—but they can wait.

[Muftimma-géhn! Aufl-nippilit’-jonne-ou’-ot!]

*Vis.* Would it not be as well to take some means of sparing yourself these excessive exertions?

[Ullö-ullö-ou’-ot-prähis-khiteng-spöwdah?]

*Mand.* I doubt it, Sir. Life would be insipid indeed if I were deprived of my customary pursuits.

[Nöttiphaino-it. Itsdu-lánuff-hirassi-tismibhoi. Ou’-ottha-dooshudi-düifli-laustaultha-lottovem!]

*Vis.* Then I will leave you to follow them. Farewell, dear friend, and best wishes for your success!

[Tüdalu! Gûd’untinö-boi!]

*Mand.* Many thanks. Good-bye, dear Sir. You will excuse my going to the door with you, as I have pressing business to attend to.

[Jeshiu-khliraout’n-lemmia-lohnouilliah! Ou-rêh. Got-timma-tlast!]

## II.—TO VISIT A SMALLER MONKEY.

*Visitor (Male or Female).* Good afternoon, Sir. How do you do? I have taken the liberty of bringing you some slight refreshment which I hope will be acceptable.

[Poalifl-ellazen. Khoodju-öüitta mährib-iskit?]

*Monkey.* You are very kind, Sir (or Madam), but I have little or no appetite to-day.



## THE POETRY OF MOTION, 1909.

THE "BORSTON."

[Yahbah-tékhítólm. Féhrfeddúp-ou-ith'm-al-am!]

Vis. Then may I offer you a Barcelona?

[Lahaik-anún-khinut-téh?]

Monk. Excuse me, but it is not every brand that agrees with me.

[Eér-aiséh, ou'ottayugh'-ivvinussar-ottenun?]

Vis. You will find these excellent. I have them specially selected and imported for my own use.

[Kacholdofit. Aitelya-iortabi-gúdat-thá-práhsai-péhd.]

Monk. You don't say so. Then I will try one on your recommendation.

[Húral- iah! Tséhmöhls-tuffapennia-bâghatta-bhúnstahl. Stind-ji!]

Vis. Pardon me, but are you in trouble of any sort? You have such mournful black eyes.

[Ou-ódja-lühkinza-mizrah-bellabh'outéh?]

Monk. On the contrary, Sir (or Madam), I am quite in my usual spirits.

[Sôh'djû-ifai-kul-getáchya.]

Vis. I cannot help fearing that you do not find your present society quite congenial. Is that so?

[Dhûthi-utbahm'-unkhi-spûly-a-téh?]

Monk. Not entirely so, I confess. It is difficult to form any real friendships here.

[Sikkánin 'settah-babndersihr. Sobhistli-klik!]'

Vis. I am sorry to trouble you, but I fancy you have taken my hat-plume (or my pince-nez) by mistake.

[Hee-ya! Ou-ottahu-dhuin? Jeshiud'-roppit-djhirmi!]

Monk. Have I really? I was quite unaware of it. Is this what you are referring to?

[Ai-desséh. Döhnjah-ou-'ishya-magett?]

Vis. This is too bad! One of your friends has run off with it now.

[Konf-oundhit (or, dhráttit). Lúkhattim!]

Monk. Dear me, so he has. If you will excuse me a moment, I will go and explain matters to him.

[Snihkt-itássih! Ou-aitillikáatchim. Eelgetta-thikkirinaminnit!]

Vis. Well, now you've got it back, perhaps you will kindly hand it over before it's completely ruined.

[Ou-illieuleg-gohûmis-tchiffuslit-telbéghur!]

Monk. Do not distress yourself about it. It is of no importance. Must you really be going?

[Oá-ráht. Dhûnn'oo-ithit. Piktittap'-eecis. Ukangowéhnowôhls-tikkinthamud.]

Vis. I fear so. It will be some time before I am again in your neighbourhood.

[Hiu-dôhn-ketchmî-kúmmín-iragin.]

Monk. Good-bye, dear Sir (or Madam). I hope that on the next occasion you will make a longer stay so that we may see more of you.

[Gâhn-yi-ortabibi-hindtha-bâhrsya-sellef!]

F. A.

In moments of great enthusiasm a man's mind may be so filled with the one idea that he forgets trivial details which bear distantly upon it. A recent recruit to the Territorials has just sent this note to his colour-sergeant:

"Sir,—Will you please wire to your headmaster to say that I cannot join the Territorials as I have a broken elbow which I forgot to mention at the time."



## MY WORD IS LAW.

*Constable.* "NOW THEN, MOVE ON HERE, AND DON'T MAKE A CROWD ON THE PAVEMENT."

*Loafer.* "BUT TWO AIN'T NO CROWD."

*Constable (emphatically).* "ONE'S A CROWD, IF I SAY SO! MOVE ON!"

## JUST LIKE THEIR LUCK.

The *Daily Chronicle* recently narrated the circumstances in which Mr. CHARLES CRIVELLI, a Soho hairdresser, has picked up for a few shillings a genuine Pheidias. These *trouailles*, we are glad to say, are of almost daily occurrence in Soho and the neighbourhood, as may be gathered from the following well authenticated cases.

Mr. Julian Swoggle, a Venetian blind-maker, is the fortunate possessor of a priceless Greek statue which he picked up literally for a song in the Euston Road.

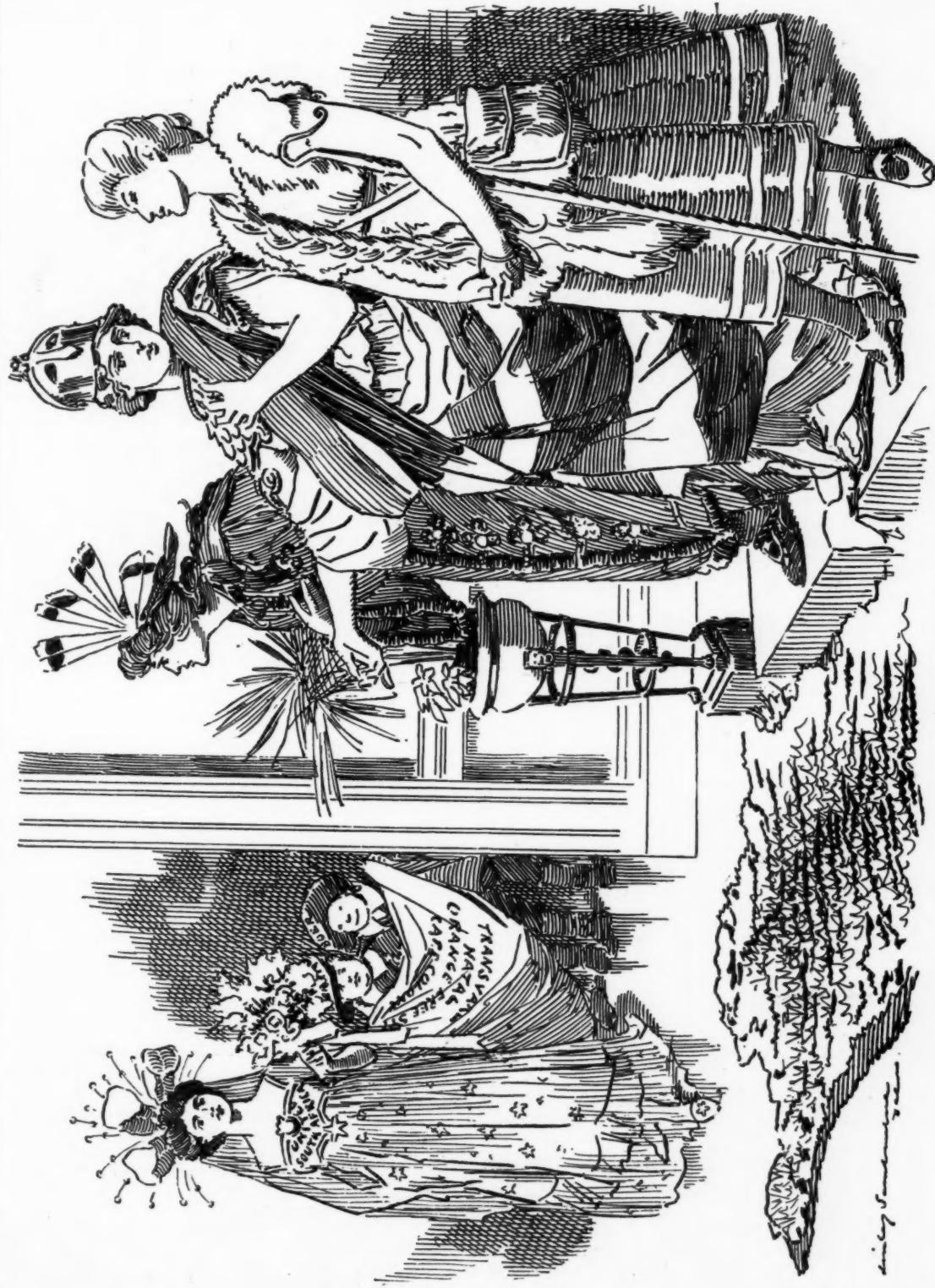
"I was walking along the road in question the other evening," explains Mr. Swoggle, "humming '*Antonio*', when a monumental mason accosted me and said, 'Do you want a life-size statue for nothing?' 'You're kidding me,' I answered. 'Not a bit of it,' said he; 'I want the room, and if you'll cart the thing away, it's yours for nothing.' To cut a long story short, I took the statue away in a lorry the next day, and when I'd got it home and given it a bath sure enough there was the signature PHEIDIAS carved on the plinth."

We understand that Lord ARMSTRONG has written to Mr. Swoggle congratulating him on having become the possessor of a genuine and incontestable Pheidias. The necessary restoration is now taking place, as the statue, which represents a wrestler, lacks a nose, chin, both arms and the greater part of one leg, and before very long some Mr. Pierpont Morgan or some other opulent Mecenas will have the opportunity of purchasing a masterpiece.

Mr. John Burdekin, an artificial sausageskin manufacturer, recently picked up a magnificent diamond tiara in romantic circumstances. It was put up for sale at an auction in the Strand as "portions of a chandelier," and knocked down to Mr. Burdekin for 3s. 6d. On taking it home the owner accidentally dropped his purchase from the top of an electric tram, and to his amazement not a single one of the glass drops was smashed. This excited his suspicions, and after consulting a Dutch expert in Spring Gardens, he was delighted to find that they were diamonds of extraordinary size and lustre. Among the connoisseurs who have already pronounced the diamonds genuine are Lord

ARMSTRONG, Monsignor VAY DE VAYA, Mrs. ELINOR GLYN and Miss MAUD ALLAN.

The circumstances which placed Mr. Julius Ballin, an aged dolls'-eye maker, in possession of one of the most famous of all historic jewels, are intensely romantic. About ten days ago he was eating a kromesky in a restaurant in Greek Street when his teeth gritted on a hard substance, which on inspection turned out to be a pearl on which the initials A and C were distinctly observable. Incredible as it may seem, this pearl, on the authority of Lord ARMSTRONG, Lord ROSSLYN, the Marquis TOWNSEND and other experts, has been pronounced to be none other than the one which CLEOPATRA was inaccurately alleged to have dissolved in a goblet of wine. As a matter of fact it was fished out by ANTONY and appropriated by AUGUSTUS after the battle of Actium, remaining in Rome until it was carried away with other relics by the great NAPOLEON. Subsequently pawned by NAPOLEON III. when in exile, it fell into the hands of a restaurant keeper who, unaware of its value, presented it to his chef, who inadvertently allowed it to become embodied in one of his dishes.



WELCOME!

BRITANNIA (preparing to introduce United South Africa to Canada and Australia). "HERE COMES YOUR NEW COUSIN."





*Cockney. "THE FOX WENT DOWN THERE QUARTER-OF-AN-HOUR AGO."*

*Huntsman. "WHY DIDN'T YE HOLLER THEN?"*

*Cockney. "WHAT DID I WANT TO 'OLLER FOR? 'E NEVER BIT ME."*

#### THE DONKEY WHITEWASHED.

Oh, would you, Ass, that I refute  
The opprobrium and ill repute  
Which ever to your title clings?  
Then listen while the poet sings:—  
  
In Ireland, where the shamrock grows  
(And Goodness, knowing all things,  
    knows  
Why he that writes of Ireland can't  
Avoid that overbearing plant)—  
In Ireland I have travelled far  
In someone else's motor-car,  
And from my seat have studied  
The ways of bi- and quadruped,  
Who eat and drink and sleep and play  
Entirely on the King's highway.

The errant kine themselves approve  
Slow, stupid, dull and hard to move;  
Whereas the swine, whom nothing will  
Induce to think of standing still,  
Must run ahead with endless fuss,  
Too fast for them, too slow for us.  
The dogs (a race which men suppose  
To be a race that thinks and knows)  
Bounce forth with misdirected zeal  
And barely miss a murderous wheel,  
Then bark and bark with false delight  
Because they've put the foe to flight!

The hen, being situated where,  
Secure from harm and free from care,  
She might have watched us and derided,  
Descends forthwith to be divided.  
The horse, whose more than ample task  
Should furnish all he needs to ask,  
Sees fit to disregard the reins  
And take no end of foolish pains  
To drag his most excessive load  
Into the ditch beside the road,  
Then labours much and suffers more  
To get it where it was before.

You, Ass, behave as none of these,  
But hold you calm and well at ease.  
Perhaps to keep the eyebrow kempt,  
Perhaps to show a deep contempt,  
You simply turn your head away,  
And keep it turned, as if to say:  
"It's got to come. Let's shut an eye  
And let the foul machine go by."  
Thus you shall be to me for ever  
The type of all that's wise and clever;  
And *asinine* henceforth shall mean  
"Discerning, sensible, serene."

O Ass, you pressed me to refute  
The opprobrium and ill repute  
Which ever to your title clung;  
I hope you've listened while I've sung.

#### SOME MORE TABLETS.

*High Street, Epsom.*—Here Lord ROSE-BERRY met his first Lunatic.

*Ludgate Circus.*—Here THOMAS COOK discovered Switzerland and Egypt and bequeathed them as Going Concerns to his Sons.

*Stump of Washington's Cherry Tree.*—Associated with Pathetic Statement of only American known to History who had no Imaginative Faculty.

*Utopia.*—Here, some time after the Millennium, the Education and Fiscal Policy Questions were finally settled.

*Island Site, Strand.*—A Native of New South Wales, unable any longer to support the Uproar and Turmoil of Sydney, settled here and passed his Days in Peaceful Seclusion.

*The News Room, Southwark.*—Here his Honour Judge WILLIS first heard of the decease of QUEEN ANNE.

#### Deeper and Deeper Yet.

"*THE DAFFODIL BALL.*"—By a misprint this ball was stated to have been organised by the National Society of Cruelty to Animals. It should, of course, have been children, not animals."—*The Irish Independent*.

## CATCH AS CATCH CAN.

PATRONS of the Alhambra, which has lately been the scene of some excellent wrestling, might have been excused if, on leaving by the St. Martin's Lane exit, they had been roused to even greater enthusiasm by the posters of the Garrick Theatre which met their eyes with the enthralling announcement, "Mr. Bourchier as Samson." Yet another thrilling bout, this time between an Actor-Manager and an ordinary lion—that is the least they could have expected. Fortunately (or unfortunately) all that is to be seen is Mr. BOURCHIER in the latest play from France.

*Samson*, a modern melodrama by HENRY BERNSTEIN, is an episode in the life of that strong silent man, *Jacques Brachard*, Copper King. Besides being strong and silent (in so far as an actor-manager can be silent) he is also self-made, a rough diamond and one of Nature's gentlemen. You know exactly the sort of man I mean, and you know how perfectly Mr. BOURCHIER would play him. Well, anyhow, he was in love with *Anne-Marie*, who was his wife and therefore (this is a four-act play and the scene is Paris) in love with *Jérôme Le Gorain*. *Jérôme* I am now going to call *Jesse*, partly because they did so on the stage, and partly because the accents bother the printer a good deal. *Jesse* I may introduce as the sort of man who makes me sorry that the "Torture of the Hot Egg" is now popular only in the rural parts of China. On the first night that *Jacques* leaves his wife (in order to go to England on copper business) *Jesse* takes her, off the stage, to a horrible supper-party; to the disgusting story of whose orgies we are compelled to listen in the Third Act. *Anne-Marie's* love for him is killed by this exhibition, and she makes her escape in the middle of it; returning home to find that *Jacques* hadn't left for England after all. (He had been WARNED. By a FRIEND.) *Jacques* decides to take his revenge on *Jesse* by ruining him financially, and in order to do this he has to create a panic on the Bourse by selling copper. (Or buying it; I am a child in these matters.) Anyhow, some difficulty arose, and he had to sell all he had (or buy a lot he didn't want) in order to upset *Jesse* thoroughly; in other words, he had to ruin himself to ruin his enemy. Which, if you remember, is what SAMSON did when he pulled down the pillars of the temple.

Of course, just as the curtain falls, *Anne-Marie* discovers that she really loves *Jacques*. Cynics will point out that her lover was hopelessly ruined and about a million (no, only francs) in debt; whereas her husband, being the sort of man from whom Copper Kings are

made, was certain to amass another fortune in a week. I take a more charitable view of human nature. I simply say that the man at the box-office insisted that *Anne-Marie* should love *Jacques* before the curtain went down.

Though I grow older every day, yet there are two institutions in which I retain a touching and child-like faith: the Stock Exchange and the French Marriage. My faith is so great that I could believe anything of them. And so if they tell me that a great Copper King, who controls markets, has to lose eighty-four millions (no, still only francs) before he can ruin a comparatively poor man who trusts him

feeling being, I suppose, one of satisfaction that an actor is a human being just like ourselves. But having missed my dinner on the night in question I could hardly bear it.

Comic relief was supplied effectively by the relations of *Jacques'* wife. I fancy M. BERNSTEIN found that he was an hour short, and introduced the relations at the beginning of each Act to fill up the time. Mr. ARTHUR WHITBY and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS were both very funny as *Anne-Marie's* father and brother respectively. I have mentioned Mr. BOURCHIER's excellence as *Jacques*, and I must pay tribute also to Mr. CHARLES BRYANT'S *Jesse*. Miss EDITH LATIMER, who has a curiously fascinating voice and manner, showed, in the part of a discarded mistress of *Jesse's*, that she fully deserved all that was said of her after her promising appearance in *Idols*.

M.

## More Truth from the Schoolroom.

Teacher (reading History): "With loud shouts the Britons rushed forward, and the battle began. Men fought to the death; no quarter was given on either side." Now can anyone tell me what is the meaning of "No quarter was given"?

Small Boy: Please, Sir, no half-time was allowed.

## The Right of the Parent.

One of the results of "Nature Study" in a Devonshire school has been the following letter:—

To HEAD TEACHER.—Please ask County Councils to cease my children from religious instruction in earth-worms and put them to somethin' else. Jim's father found five in his pocket."

The motor cabmen who recently waited on the HOME SECRETARY with grievances, complained, among other things, that the present method of signalling to traffic by means of policemen's hands is insufficient. Would they have them lift their feet?

"It is, of course, impossible to ensure perfect accuracy in so large and encyclopedic a work as 'Who's Who,' and these isolated, hardly derac 1234561234 little omissions and errors hardly detract from the value of the book as a whole."—South African News.

Bless you, no; they will creep in.

"Sportslady of rank friend of horses and native of Germany or England, is wished as husband by an german gentleman, which is travelled through Great Britain. Ladies interesting theyself for this offer are requested to send letters in german or english language."—Neuente Nachrichten.

She should retaliate by letters in the German language sending.



"I HEAR THE SOUND OF WORDS."  
Samson Agonistes.  
"Samson" Brachard . . . Mr. BOURCHIER,  
*Jérôme le Gorain* . Mr. CHARLES BRYANT.

implicitly in matters of finance, I accept it humbly and with gratitude. And if they go on to say that a Lover would, on the first possible occasion, take a proud, cold, aristocrat of a Wife to a revolting supper party, where she would meet the very scourings of the streets, then again in all humility I believe. But a doubt will haunt me none the less, and I ask myself two questions: Has anything happened in the translation? Was Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH, typical Englishwoman as she is, quite suited to the part of *Anne-Marie*?

The scene in the Third Act, where *Jacques* keeps *Jesse* in his private room at the Ritz, while Copper is being brought down, is an excellent one; there actually is a short wrestling interlude here. In addition Mr. BOURCHIER does good work on as pleasant a lunch as I have seen on the stage. This is always a popular feature with the audience, the



### THE CRUSHED TRAGEDIANS "TAKE THE BOARDS" AGAIN, THEATRE ROYAL, WESTMINSTER.

"Grave and Urgent," Mr. Asquith's talented company of down-trodden stars resume the performance of the great melodrama, "Under Lansdowne's Heel; or, the Wicked Peers and the Stultified Electorate."

"To-day, the one hundredth centenary of the birth of Mendelssohn."  
The Westminster Gazette.

Somebody was bound to say this before the wonderful "year of anniversaries" was over.

"Wind between north and south."—*Liverpool Daily Post* Weather Report.

A prophet is without honour in his own country. A London paper would put this gentleman on the Football Staff at once.

## THE POLITE ART OF VITUPERATION.

I.  
"JUST look at these boots," said George. James looked, but the boots remained unmoved. "Well?" said George.

"Well?" said James, ever ready to oblige.

"Did you ever see anything like them?"

"Never," said James emphatically, though he had no idea whether he was expressing wonder and admiration, or loathing and contempt.

"They are disgraceful," said George.

"Abominable," said James, much relieved to find out what opinion he was to hold. "What is the matter with them?"

"Matter? Why, they are unwearable. Fancy expecting a normal foot, not made of indiarubber, to go about in a boot with an instep like that!"

"Isn't it tight enough?"

"Tight enough? Why, it's miles too tight. It is not to be tolerated. I am going to give the man that made it a thorough blowing up."

"I should give him a piece of your mind," said James.

"I shall certainly give him a bit of my tongue," said George. "Fancy daring to send me a pair of boots like that! I'll make the fellow sit up."

"I should tell him exactly what you think of him."

"My dear James, when I have finished talking to him he will know so much about himself that he will wish he had never been born. Moreover, he shall take back those boots and make me another pair for nothing. Let us go round and talk to the fellow now."

So minded, George and James set off for Bond Street.

## II.

Arrived at the shop, they paused a moment to decide upon the line of attack, whether it should be the stormy or the sarcastic. Then they marched up to the door and allowed it to be opened for them, without flinching. Once inside, a Gentleman with a frock-coat and white slip took charge of them, and, had they wanted to say "Jack Robinson," they could not have done so before they found themselves seated in large armchairs and the Gentleman kneeling affectionately at the feet of George.

"I have come," said the latter, not to be demoralised by a soft carpet and a universal peace, "about these boots."

"Indeed, Sir?" said the Gentleman, in a subdued voice which clearly rebuked George for talking so loud. He took off George's old boots and put on the new ones, much as a nurse dresses a very bad child in very good clothes.

"And a handsome pair of boots they are, Sir, if I may say so." At this point James, for no particular reason, felt more ashamed of his own feet than he had ever felt ashamed of anything before.

"But look at them," said George.

"Sh—" said James.

"Yes, Sir," said the Gentleman, "I admit that I cannot help looking at them. Even for us they are a beautiful creation. Particularly observe, Sir, the perfect fit over the instep, producing a smart appearance which every boot-maker in London has for years been trying in vain to imitate."

"But surely they are a little too tight?"

"Too tight, Sir?" said the Gentleman, apparently aghast at George's horrible suggestion; and then, as one whose innate breeding compels him to disguise his contempt, "Oh, no, Sir. With a smart foot like yours you cannot have the instep too tight. Too tight? Oh, no, Sir!"—and even his breeding could not restrain just a little smile at the bare idea.

"But . . ." said George, knowing in his heart that it was really no use.

"Of course, Sir, if you are going to wear them in the very depths of the country, where none of your friends can see you, we CAN . . . though it seems a pity to spoil them . . . we CAN let them out a bit."

"I think they are just a little too tight," said George, blushing but stubborn.

"Well, of course, Sir, it is for you to say. If you insist . . . say, an eighth of an inch. We shall only charge you a shilling or two; and what address shall I send them to?"

Then, with one parting look of affection, the Gentleman put the cause of the trouble back in the box, and with an effort lowered himself to put on George's feet his old boots, made by another and therefore disreputable firm. His lips only made some remark about the mildness of the weather, but his eyes clearly said, "After all, what can one expect from a man who could ever wear boots like these?"

And so, having no further use for them, he gently put George and James out into the street again.

## III.

"After all," said George, after a long silence, "I could not be too hard on the man. It wasn't his fault; he didn't make the boots. Besides, it was very decent of him to promise to send them back without charging for the postage."

## A Pleasant Innovation.

"The bride appeared in a smart white frock of pale blue linen."—*Western Mail (Australia)*.

## ASTOUNDING THEATRICAL SENSATION.

## SELF-EFFACING ACTOR-MANAGER.

## INTERVIEW WITH MR. REECE.

(Suggested by the account of Miss Marie Dressler's altruistic methods recently given in "The Pall Mall Gazette.")

As I entered the stage door of the new Philadelphia Theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue, writes a representative of *Punch*, I felt myself engulfed in an atmosphere of *bonhomie* that almost took my breath away. The rehearsals of the new tragi-comedy, *Mixed Pickles*, had been going on for sixteen hours almost continuously, but everyone was in the highest spirits. Seeing me at the wings, Mr. Reece greeted me with a shout of welcome. "An interview? Of course, my dear fellow. We'll knock off work for half-an-hour, and I'll tell you something about my methods.

"Now look at this galaxy of talent. Lovely and accomplished women; high-souled, chivalrous men." Here Mr. Reece—whose likeness in profile to his distinguished father, the late Captain Reece, R.N., is quite extraordinary—turned to the actors and actresses grouped around him and addressed them in words of the most intense and moving earnestness: "Never forget, dear boys and girls," were the words which fell on my astounded ears, "that every one of you means more to me than I do myself. You interest me and the public more than the principals, because there is the element of uncertainty and the unexpected about you."

Leaving the chorus for a moment, Mr. Reece indicated another special feature of his management by pointing out a number of the principals, and saying, "Every one of them has a fatter part than mine. You know London audiences don't really want any one person. On the stage, as in politics, *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire*. We live in an age of Collectivism. And don't you imagine that I do this against the grain. It is a tradition of the family—you know my father's motto, "It was his duty and he did." Take this play; I had a splendid scene in the first Act when it was originally cast, but, like Jack Sprat, I can't stand fat, so I gave it up to someone else."

"But surely you repented your generosity?"

"Not a bit of it, my dear boy. The fact is I like producing much more than acting, and I have practically decided never to appear in another play, though I have taken the theatre for fourteen years. Ah, here is Otis Lemuel," he said, summoning to his side the young *jeune premier* who is already famous in Australia. "He is really gorgeous, and



"GET BACK THERE, CAN'T YOU ?"

"GARN, I 'VE GOT SHARES IN THE COMPANY. CAN'T I SEE MY OWN PLACE BURN ?"

he has a gorgeous part. Haven't you?" he asked him.

"Simply ripping," replied Mr. Lemuel, affectionately putting his arm round the actor-manager's neck; "but I owe it to you, my first and greatest benefactor."

"Ah, but if you hadn't got the brain of a Garrick and the figure of an Apollo," replied Mr. Reece, "you would never have got where you are—at the top of the tree."

Shedding a few natural tears of gratitude Mr. Lemuel retired, and then Mr. Bert Folsom came up, and in a voice trembling with emotion stammered out: "Mr. Reece has been a father and mother to me. But for him I might have gone into the diplomatic service or politics—" "Instead of which," adds Mr. Reece, "you are now the idol of the Antipodes and earn a salary of £200 a week. And he's worth it too, every penny of it."

Similar testimonies to the angelic kindness of Mr. Reece were also forthcoming from Miss Letty Slazenger, Miss Daisy Gellibrand and Mr. Uther Hipkins.

"Rehearsing for Mr. Reece," they remarked in unison, "is a labour of love.

He is the best man in the world. We would all die for him this minute."

"Yes, mine is indeed a happy lot," remarked Mr. Reece afterwards. "You remember the beautiful old lyric:—

'If you love me and I love you,  
We'll both of us love one another:  
So wrap me up in the Union Jack,  
And kiss me for my mother!'

It has always been my aim to run my show on those lines, and so far I think I have succeeded."

#### THE CRISIS.

My heart is lost to Grace and Rose,  
Each lovelier than the dawn and blither;

But how on earth can I propose  
To either?

For both I burn with flame devout,  
The sort no time nor chance can smother,  
But somehow not for one without  
The other.

If Grace consented to be mine,  
Her single charms would soon seem prosy;  
With tenfold passion I should pine  
For Rosie.

Conversely, were I linked with R.,  
I doubt not (such is Cupid's curst wife)

That Grace would seem diviner far  
Than erstwhile.

Next problem: either might refuse.  
But would it calm my bosom's heavings,  
Bereft of half my love, to choose  
The leavings?

And if they both disdained my hand  
The prospect fairly makes me shiver,  
I do not think my health would stand  
The river.

Yet here we are—time flies apace—  
Just now I take a modest breather,  
But soon it must be Rose or Grace,  
Or neither.

And since, dear Sir, whate'er betides,  
The outlook seems a sadly glum one,  
And swains despairing must confide  
In someone,

Please help a suitor in distress,  
Lest love's true course that never ran well  
Should make him alter his address  
To Hanwell.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*My African Journey* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), which is the story of a visit paid to Uganda by the Rt. Hon. WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL, M.P., does not pretend to be the record of a pioneer; nor does the author here press his claims as a mighty hunter, though the cover of his book represents him, in a blood-red landscape, posed beside a prostrate rhinoceros. One of these monstrous fauna he felled with his own hand, and took part in the peppering of another to death; but the quest of big game was only an incidental feature in his progress as an exalted tripper along a course where every need had been anticipated and the only opposition on his path came from hostile and predatory tribes of insects. But his narrative of a not very difficult enterprise is invested with a literary charm unusual in the ordinary traveller's tale. Always observant, Mr. CHURCHILL is more concerned to convey truly his impressions than to make fine writing; but now and again, as in his picture of the Hoima forest, he gives full play to a natural and vivid eloquence. But he went to study other things than tropical scenery; and the suggestions that he offers on the development of the Uganda Protectorate reflect an attitude of mind that is statesmanlike in the broadest and most humane sense. I should be sorry to seem to call in question the value of Mr. CHURCHILL's activities in the sphere of home politics; but his book shows him to be possessed of qualities that call for a wider

scope than our over-exploited island is ever likely to afford him; and I shall hope to live long enough to see him enrolled among the makers of Empire as Governor of Uganda.

*The Faith of his Fathers* (MELROSE) is a prize novel by A. E. JACOMB, selected by MESSRS. ANDREW LANG, W. L. COURTNEY, and CLEMENT SHORTER, for a prize of two hundred and fifty guineas. It is also selected by me for a few words of hearty commendation as a strong and sincere story of provincial life. William Atkinson was one of those honest bigots who viewed life steadily, and saw only a fraction of it—a narrow-minded Methodist who stopped all argument with a quotation from the Bible. He forced his weak son Stephen into an unhappy marriage, and renounced Rachel, his daughter, when she became engaged to a man who could not accept his own creed; and he finally resigned his post at the works because the firm had accepted a contract to make war material. A fine man spoilt. Miss JACOMB (no hint of her sex in the story) shows very surely how in Mrs. Atkinson the wife's sweet faith in her husband is gradually turned to bitter in the mother's love for her children. The final tragedy, Stephen's killing of his wife, is accidental and capricious—it would have been far truer had the mother, maddened by her children's wrongs, inevitably turned upon the direct

author of them. Still, a fine story, written with care and distinction.

In *Reminiscences of my Life* (PITMAN) Sir CHARLES SANTLEY continues and supplements the story of his brilliant career as set out some years ago in *Student and Singer*. It is a rambling and discursive narrative, not without engaging qualities, for Sir CHARLES makes no effort to disguise his likes and dislikes. SIMS REEVES was his friend, and he defends that great singer's memory with a creditable warmth, which is, however, not incompatible with a few sly, but good-humoured, digs at Mrs. REEVES, her husband's jealous champion. BORO's music he cannot abide, and for WAGNER's he has a limited admiration. Fortunately Sir CHARLES has lived long enough to note a strong reaction in favour of the names he venerated. Sir CHARLES's writing, I may add, is not quite so careful and highly finished as the singing by which he has delighted nearly two generations. There is an artless happy-go-lucky kind of slap-dash about it, as, for instance, when he refers to our old friend *Argus* as "the fabled what's-his-name, eyes all over," or describes TAMERLIK's high C sharp as "a clear ringing full-bodied note that had never suffered from even a touch of measles; it gave you the jumps, but to jump over the benches, and give the singer a hearty hug, not to dive down under the benches to avoid any danger from chips flying about." There is certainly no lack of pictorial vividness about that. Sir CHARLES was always a good sleeper:—"When I was singing at Covent Garden in 1859-60," he says,

"I dined early, 3.30

or 4; and after a heavy opera and a fast of about eight hours I felt ravenous, ready for anything, from bread and cheese to roast donkey stuffed with horse-soldiers. I frequently ate for my supper a sheep's heart roast, with sage and onions, accompanied by an abundant salad, and went off to bed and to sleep in a jiffey." *O dura cantorum illa* is the respectful murmur that rises to one's lips. Yet when he was in America Sir CHARLES could not digest what he calls "whaffles"! They remained on his chest like lead. Sir CHARLES met DANTE ROSSETTI once and was not favourably impressed with him. "Whatever else he had an eye for," he says, "he certainly had not one for a pretty woman, judging from the plain-looking type he was so fond of reproducing. I cannot imagine who it was dubbed him poet." Was it not (*inter alios et alias*) The Blessed Damozel? "I never saw him again," he adds, "so had no personal acquaintance with him. R. I. P.!" Come, that's charitable, anyhow.

"By the way, although Sir Alfred is so much identified with cycling, he is also greatly interested in the development of canals."—*Cycling*.

This is one of those spontaneous remarks which bring the press very near the heart of the great British public.



EXPLODED REPUTATIONS.  
ALFRED THE GREAT.